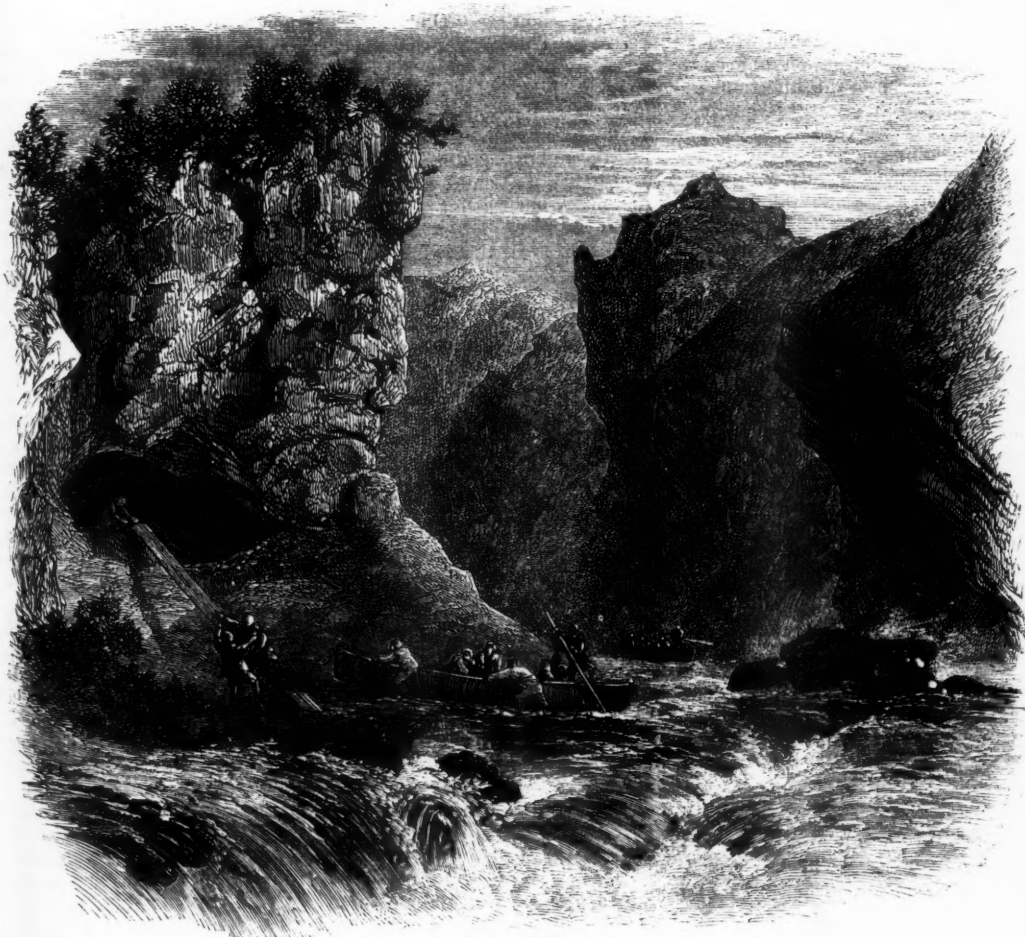


# THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper*.



THE CAVE OF REFT JE.

## ANSON GREGG'S WEDDING.

### CHAPTER VIII.

FATHER THOMPSON being assured of their present safety, quickly recovered his usual serene and cheerful look. As he made his appearance within the bright firelight, at the open door, it was as if a whole sunshiny day came in with him, and its effect upon the assembled guests was almost instantaneous; the gay conversation was at once resumed, and only that

eyes were often turned with a yearning, asking look out of the windows into the dark night, a stranger might not have suspected there was any unusual cause of trouble.

The Rev. Ephraim Thompson, if one might judge by his appearance, was never intended by nature for a Puritan minister. He had all the sleek, well-to-do look of a luxuriously beneficed clergyman. Ease and luxury laughed out of the corners of his mild blue eyes. His small upturned nose seemed ready

to inhale any delicious perfume that might come floating by; buried between two red and protuberant cheeks, it appeared to be waiting for the odoriferous steams from the rich kitchens of the mother-land, ready to distinguish and define to a nicety the difference between the cooking fish, flesh, or fowl, and to tell you the ingredients of the soup in the smoking tureen before the butler had borne it in. This nose overlooked a mouth wide and firmly set, capable of doing the double duty which it evidently had to perform.

There was nothing of the Puritan about him, and yet here he was a warm-hearted, true-hearted child of the new world. It would be difficult to believe, if we had not the whole history of the heart from Adam's day to this, how often the old, old story told first in the garden of Eden, and repeated from then until now, has worked such wonders in lives. "The light of the Reformation danced from the eyes of Anne Boleyn into the affections of that most illustrious king Henry VIII," it has been playfully said; and if that is the case, let us not blame our worthy Father Thompson if eyes no less beautiful, and a smile no less winning, drew him after them to the life of a colonist, and made him not only a dissenter, but one of that genial, whole-souled stamp, the impress of whose lives are yet to be seen in the character of the descendants of those among whom his adventurous career was passed.

While Father Thompson was thus doing his part towards the hilarity of the occasion within doors, Mr. Merwin, with his three chosen associates, made their way swiftly and noiselessly towards the banks of the Otter Creek.

Moving a stone from a spot where a turn in the river had made an indentation, Mr. Merwin said briefly,—

"All right; dig away, my boys, with a will. We must float these canoes before the hour is over. Here is the largest pushed into a hole I dug for it months ago, and down just below us are hidden in the same way two others. Once afloat, we can row down the stream with muffled oars to the cave, and there I have all in readiness. Let them take us if they can!"

In an incredibly short time the three canoes were pushed from their hiding-places upon the dark still water; then they were secured by strong ropes to the trunks of trees close by, and everything was in readiness for instant embarkation.

"The clouds are gathering," said Mr. Merwin, looking up to the sky; "the eyes will have to be owls' that see these before daylight, and five minutes down the back paths will bring us from the house to them. Once aboard, it must be a strong arm and a steady pull that will catch us boys. I've a notion of seeing Montreal, but in my own time and way. So here is to the United States of America, and a merry wedding!"

He swung his cap three times around his head, in the silence and darkness, the others following his example; then creeping along with the stealthy tread they had learned from the natives of these woods, they joined the party by the bright parlour fire.

The clock was pointing to the hour of nine. A Puritan wedding should have been solemnised long ago, but neither bride nor bridegroom were present, and every moment the probability of the ceremony taking place to-night seemed to lessen.

Mr. Merwin, hoping Anson Gregg's arrival would

relieve him of his greatest source of anxiety, and dreading to meet Blossom with the fearful uncertainty hanging over him, had delayed going away from his guests to seek for and comfort her. Comfort her! What comfort, indeed, had he to bring? But he could no longer endure the thought of her alone in her distress, and he went to find her.

"Come, my precious Blossom!" he said, opening her door softly, and groping around in the room until he came to the spot where she was sitting, her head buried in her hands. "This is no way to welcome the guests; they are wondering at your absence. Keep up a good, brave heart, my darling; Anson knows the paths too well to be much longer delayed, and many a wedding deferred has been all the merrier in the end."

"Oh! father, father, why doesn't he come?"

The distress of her voice stifled the cheerful answer with which her father had decided to meet this question; he could only say, with a deep reverence and solemnity far more suitable,—

"He is in God's hands, my precious one. Let us be content with that. Come, brave the occasion as my child should; be trustful; other dangers than this await us, Blossom. Listen!"

And then he told her of all the perils by which they were surrounded; of the necessity of unceasing vigilance and prompt action, should their fears be realised. "Come and help me," he said simply, as he ended. And without one word of alarm or hesitation, Blossom put her hand in his, and he led her back among their guests.

When at last it became apparent to all, even the most hopeful, that there would be no wedding that night, it was proposed that the neglected wedding supper should be served; and Mrs. Merwin, in the bustle, and the apologies for an overcooked meal, which followed, forgot for the time all other troubles. Blossom mechanically assisted her mother, moving round in the crowded rooms as white and still as a ghost, and striking almost as great a chill on every one that saw her.

"Poor child! poor child!" Uncle Jerome muttered, putting up his great brown hand, and patting her cheek tenderly. Blossom gave a half-stifled moan as he did so—one which he only heard, but could not resist. Drawing her down gently, he whispered, "He's God's boy, this great big Anson, and He won't forget His own. Don't fret, my pretty Blossom; it's all right, somehow."

"Right!" Perhaps it was; but Blossom must have been more, or less, than mortal, to have so felt it then, and the simple child was only a young, loving girl. But Uncle Jerome's whisper did comfort her; and with a firmer hand she piled the delicacies upon the fast-emptied plates of the hungry guests. She had even a pleasant word and smile as the feast dragged itself along through a whole weary hour. How much longer it might have lasted under these circumstances, when it so socially occupied the anxious waiting time, it would have been difficult to say, had not Mr. Merwin, noticing the deathlike look increase on Blossom's face, brought it to a close.

"Father Thompson," he said, somewhat abruptly, "if we ever needed God's blessing and protection, we do to-night. Pray, I beg you. Ask Him to camp round about us, as He did around the dwellings of his chosen people of old; to guard our going out and coming in, and keep us in perfect peace, as those who put their trust in Him."

There was a deep solemnity in Mr. Merwin's voice as he spoke which filled the company with awe. It sounded to Father Thompson like a call from on high, and he started to his feet, ready to answer it.

Rising, the whole company stood reverently, with bowed heads, while he led them in prayer. And such a prayer those lips, used as they were to fervent appeal, had never uttered before. Not a heart there but it reached and touched; even the young, strong men felt overshadowing them a great unseen Presence, one that brought a succour and support no human arm or human skill could offer.

"Keep us, we pray Thee, safe in the secret place of the Most High, let us abide under the shadow of the Almighty. Be Thou our refuge and our fortress. Let us not fear the terror by night, nor—"

A hand was laid suddenly upon his arm, arresting his words. "Hush!" said Mr. Merwin in a loud, hoarse whisper; and at that moment there arose, it seemed to them, so long and loud was it, around the walls of the house, an Indian war-whoop. Before it was finished, every woman there had dropped upon her knees in prayer, and every man had sprung to take his weapon. When it ended, Mr. Merwin said calmly, "They are not here yet, that whoop is at Brother Jerome's house. Keep still, every one of you, as you value your lives." Opening the door, and closing it after him, he went out alone into the night, and a stillness like the hush of the grave fell suddenly over the house.

In a few moments, they almost seemed hours, he returned. "It is as I thought," he said; "Uncle Jerome has given his home for ours; I saw it all," nodding to his brother, "when I came by: it is like you, Jerome."

"It's took, has it?" said Uncle Jerome, with a blush and a smile on his rough face; "I thought as like as not it would. Those redskins can't stand an open winder, and a blazing pine-knot, no how you can fix it. Well, precious little they'll get; we took care of that, didn't we, boys?"

The three "boys" laughed a suppressed, peculiar laugh, very strange to hear.

"And the tar does it up brown," said Daniel, the eldest. "It's the people's own fault if they don't see it, far and near; I meant it for a capital bonfire. The redskins might as well have kept their mouths shut; this would have told the whole story without any further trouble on their part. It's kind of a pity to waste such a yell as that, 'cause if anybody cared, it might sort of scare 'em.—Perhaps, capt'in, as it isn't such an awful distance from here, the women and children might as well be going. It is something of a chase to get so many well aboard in the dark, and if we show so much as a pipe-light they'll be after us."

This latter part of his long speech Daniel had addressed to Mr. Merwin.

"Right," he said in reply. "There's not a moment to be lost; and as we have only those here who know what to do, and how to do it, we shall soon be ready."

"Take everything warm you can find," he said, turning round to the groups of women and children who were huddling close to him; "we have all in readiness for you at the cave, but the air will be cold upon the creek. Don't forget provisions, Aunt Mary. Luey, my wife, take what little gold you own; leave them only the house for their spoil."

"Now, my little man," stooping to take up the largest of the smaller children, "you must consent to

a ride on your uncle's shoulders to-night. Up with them, boys; the steps must be long and soft down this rough path."

Every man, even to Father Thompson, lifted a child; and then, seizing whatever else they could carry, the women likewise laden, they filed in a long, silent, swiftly-moving procession, down to the river banks.

When they were only a short distance from the house, another war-whoop, angrier and more discordant than the first, came rushing to them through the night air.

"Good!" said Daniel, laughing again in his peculiar way; "they have found the skin is empty, and are as mad as March hares. Now for it. The Indians waste no time; they'll be on our trail in less than a jiffy."

Redoubling their speed, they soon came in sight, or rather within sound, of the rushing water, the clouds growing every moment thicker and thicker.

"God's hand is drawing the protecting darkness over us," whispered a woman.

"Let us trust in Him," she heard in answer, and almost at the same moment came the soft plash of oars gently lowered, touching the water. It was like God's answer, "They that trust in me shall not be confounded," and it gave them hope even at this awful moment.

Boat after boat was swiftly loaded. No confusion or alarm was manifested among any of the motley groups who crowded down to the water's edge, and then away they went, strong skilful hands, used to the devious windings of the little river, sending them along with speed and power born from the urgency of the occasion. It was not until they were some distance down the stream, that it was noticed Blossom had been left behind.

## CHAPTER IX.

WHEN Mr. Merwin found Blossom was not among the passengers of the boats, he turned the prow of the one he managed at once to the bank, and as there was no difficulty in finding a landing-place, even in the darkness, almost before his companions were aware of his intention he had leaped on shore, giving his place as commander of the expedition to his nephew Daniel, who he was aware knew the stream quite as well as he did himself. There was no time for comments or explanations.

"We will come to you by the path through the woods," he said briefly, "if—if—" with a choke in his voice, "we may come at all—God grant it!"

"God will grant it," said Uncle Jerome, in a hoarse whisper from the next boat; "don't be a mistrusting Him, Brother Merwin. Once, twice, thrice has He delivered you, and He is as good for the fourth time as for any of these."

"Amen!" echoed Father Thompson; and once more something like sobs—those peculiar sobs which come only from the hearts of the aged and often-tried—echoed the "Amen," and all knew they came from the part of the boat where, with her head buried in her hands, Mrs. Merwin sat.

After Mr. Merwin left the boats, they continued in the same noiseless way two miles farther down the river to a large cave.

The mouth of this cave overhung the water just where the Otter Creek river, gathering itself into a small bed between two great overhanging rocks,



dashes down a sheer precipice of sixty feet, then over a succession of smaller ones, until it falls upon a bed of large broken stones, where it foams and dashes in a series of magnificent rapids until it reaches the level and quiet valleys beyond.

To enter this cave at any time, even in broad daylight, and with an unladen boat, it can be seen at once would be a feat requiring both skill and courage; but to reach it in the darkness of night, and to disembark in safety a load of women and children, might well be deemed little less than foolhardy in any who should undertake it; and yet this was the place of refuge which Mr. Merwin had chosen and prepared for the very emergency which had come to-night. It may well be supposed that the circumstances which obliged him to abandon the care to any one else were desperate indeed.

Fortunately for the safety of all concerned, Uncle Jerome's sons, particularly Daniel, knew the dangers and how to meet them. Born and bred within sound of these falling waters, they knew each note of their wild song, and could tell by the stroke of an oar the distances over which they were to pass. Just where the water takes its first, highest leap—just there, the boat must stop; just there, it must be held still, by ropes fastened to the other boats, remaining a little higher up, where the stream runs more quietly, the current a little less strong. From this boat a plank must be pushed into the mouth of the cave, so high above the level of the river as to make the ascent one of peril; and over this narrow, shivering, trembling thing, one after another of these human beings must creep alone. Literally true the saying that there was only a plank between them and eternity.

Happily, the whole extent of their danger was known only to few, and those few were brave men and true as steel.

On came the boats, on as calmly as if out upon a rippling lake on a summer's day; Daniel with the oars grasped in his great brown hands with a nerve and tenacity that almost made the blood start from the swelling veins. One rash movement of the oar, and this boat, and the next, and the next, will be in an instant plunging and surging in the deep angry waters below.

Steadily, surely, without a moment's pause or irresolution, right up under the mouth of the cave shoots Daniel, and cries—his tones laden with the full weight of all he feels, trembling out into that roar and rush of water,—

"Tort, now—tort, boys!" And "tort" it was, the ropes slackening for a moment, then straining until only the dull on-bearing current rocked the light craft committed to its mercy.

One moment spent in adjusting the plank from the side of the boat to the shelving rock above, a shake to ensure that it is firm, and up over it, on all-fours, creeps Daniel; the rough men, with their great hearts, peering after him through the thick night, and one at least of them breathing such a prayer as comes only from a father's heart for his boy's safety through perils seen, and through perils unseen by any but God.

"Boats ahoy!" It was almost to them as if an angel spoke from heaven, when Daniel, drawing himself safely on to the rock, thrust his face down upon them, and almost merrily called back.

"All right," came in reply. "Lend a hand there. Catch this rope! Steady, boys, steady. Now for it! Who goes first?"

Then up first rose Aunt Mary. "I am steady of head and strong of hand," she said; "let me go!"

Strong of heart, and steady, with her feet planted firm upon the Rock of Ages, she might have said; but Aunt Mary was not given to self-praise.

Without waiting for consent she crept on to the swaying plank—not so swaying now as when Daniel ascended, for he held it firmly at the top, and a rope on both sides formed a rude banister, more seeming to impart than really giving safety.

The rock was broad, so that two could easily stand upon it. Aunt Mary waited there for a moment, turning back to speak a few encouraging words; then still creeping, entered the dark mouth of the cave. To her only had Mr. Merwin told what there was to expect in their place of refuge: so she knew, if she could make her entrance and strike a light, the coming of the others would be not only safe, but far more cheerful. To say it required much less exercise of courage than to first pass over the board would not be true; it was, however, of a different kind. Give a landsperson the firm earth under the feet, and he is master of the situation. When Aunt Mary turned to enter the cave, hurried visions of concealed Indians and of wild animals came unbidden. But as quickly as these fears passed through her mind, she found herself in a dark place where, by groping with her hands, she discovered she could stand erect, and move forward without danger of coming in contact with the wall. In her pocket she had carried a tinder-box; striking a light, she caught a glimpse of her surroundings. The cave was large, extending in all directions farther than she could see, and furnished with everything needed for their comfort. Close by the mouth where she had entered was a pile of dry fagots, arranged so that the smoke could easily make its way out over the river, and mingle with the spray from the falls, thus failing to attract notice; and on a rough table, put into potatoes which were cut flat and hollowed out to hold them, stood four candles ready for use.

Aunt Mary lighted these one after another, and in a moment the light penetrated over the cave, giving to it a wonderfully homelike, restful look, seeing which the good woman uttered fervent thanks, and turned to welcome the next comer, who was no other than Mrs. Merwin, but so pale and ghostlike, so aged by the occurrences of the day and night, that Aunt Mary could hardly restrain a cry of alarm. And so, in a very short time they all gathered there in safety, the cave with every new comer taking an additional look of home, until, but for the missing ones, it would hardly have been considered an unpleasant exchange even for the pleasant Merwin homestead. The fagots were kindled, and the cheerful blaze brought to view many comforts provided by Mr. Merwin's kind thoughtfulness. There were plenty of dried pine leaves for beds almost soft, there were blocks sawed from the forest trees for seats, there were boxes of potatoes, corn, and ground wheat, and carefully hidden under a recess in the rocks, a few necessary groceries.

"He has victualled the fort for a twelvemonth, I should think," said Uncle Jerome, throwing himself down before the fire, and surveying the arrangements with much satisfaction. "It's a poor garrison that can't hold it 'gainst a regiment of redskins, not that the skulking critters come much in regiments, that's agin their nature; but a whole tribe on 'um one of my boys would keep out a year at least."

Uncle Jerome glanced round among the women as he finished. He had a great idea of keeping up their courage by presenting a bold front. "God made 'um," he said, in a private conference with Father Thompson, "to listen to man, and what He's made He's made for the best, I reckon, and all we need do is to follow out the plan. See how comforted they all are, and if a plaguy redskin were to peep in here this very minute I don't think they would care. I'll just look after the boys, they are as trusty as most of their age; but when you want to be sure a thing is well done, I never found a better rule than to do it, leastways to look after it, yourself. Just suppose the boats should go adrift, and when Brother Merwin comes there wasn't a chance of getting him in, or the Injins should steal 'um, that would be the wust of all—to have them wily serpents outwitting a white man."

But to oversee his boys was a more difficult thing than Uncle Jerome had anticipated. The three had come in, seated themselves before the blazing fire, and were turning round and round before it with that peculiar enjoyment in being well roasted which belongs to English blood, wherever it is found.

No sooner did Daniel see his father going towards the door of the cave than he hastily put himself before him, accosting the old man with the rough but well-meant salutation of, "What's up now, father?"

"I was just going to look after the boats, my boy.

To keep them safe is the part of sound sense for us to-night, you know."

Daniel laughed, and stood aside, his father proceeding to put his head through the opening.

"Pleasant prospect, sir," with another low laugh; "I guess you better not go much farther. 'T wouldn't pay to reconnoitre. Boats are hauled up safe. Here's a line; heave her up, if you are scared."

"Well, Daniel," said his father, drawing back a pale face, "I must say the prospect isn't just inviting like for a stroll. It seems as if the cauldron of the great pit was just afore us, and there's something kind of skeery in the look. If you're sure, I'll take your word for 't this time."

"Guess you'd better, sir; you might get your feet wet if you didn't take care."

"That's so," and with a tug at the rope, which was fastened to a staple driven in near the entrance, and a satisfactory grunt given as it yielded slowly to the pull, he drew himself back again; and all began, with one consent, as if his investigation had established the fact of their safety beyond a doubt, to make preparation for finishing the night begun in so much trouble, in quiet rest, if quiet it could be called when every ear was listening for the steps of those who had been left behind, and every eye was strained to peer out into the darkness, which seemed to block up the entrance like a great black stone rolled against it, for the appearance of Blossom and her father—perhaps Anson Gregg.

#### REMINISCENCE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WHEN a youthful student at the University of Edinburgh, I had a coveted opportunity of seeing the greatest author of the day, Sir Walter Scott. It was in the winter of 1828 that I began my academic studies, and first saw in Edinburgh many famous Scotchmen of whom I had often heard or read in my country home. Jeffrey, Cockburn, Moncrieff, Hope, Wilson, Hamilton, Chalmers, and others mighty in literature or law, were soon sought out by me as objects of public admiration; but some time elapsed before I set my eyes upon the venerable form of the author of "Waverley." I may here relate, by way of preface, my first introduction to the name and works of that immortal novelist. When a schoolboy in Dumfriesshire, I walked a considerable distance every day to school, and usually had a book in my hand to shorten the way and gratify my thirst for knowledge. At that period my love of reading was such that I read any volume that fell in my way. Books of history borrowed from neighbours, or trashy novels procured from a small circulating library in a neighbouring burgh, were alike welcome to one who had neither the means nor the experience that was necessary for the right direction of his studies. One day as I passed, book in hand, a man breaking stones on the highroad side, I was hailed by him as follows:—"Is that a novel you are reading now?" My answer, I believe, was in the affirmative; but I forget the name of the poor performance I was engaged with. "Man," said the stone-breaker, "did you ever read any of Watty Scott's novels? They're gran' when you get into the spirit o' reading them." I had never before seen or heard of the Waverley Novels, but not long after I got hold of "The Pirate," and devoured it with great

eagerness; and the treat was speedily followed by others of the same kind, and still more rich in enjoyment. This story may serve to illustrate the popularity which Scott enjoyed among even the humblest classes of his countrymen.

I must also here tell a story of Scott's youth, which will be allowed to possess a real biographic interest. When residing at Musselburgh, in 1840, I knew a Miss Kerr, a fine old Scottish lady of a class that is now nearly extinct. This Miss Kerr had known Walter Scott well in his young days, when he often lived in Roxburghshire. She had frequently met him at youthful parties, and been his partner in the dance. On several occasions, she told me, when he was her partner in a country dance, he would, in the excess of his spirits, dash off, during the different pauses, to a side table, where lay open an old black-letter volume of history or romance, and devour a few sentences of it till his turn came, when quick as lightning he was back at his post, and went through the movements with an agility and gracefulness that could not be surpassed by any in the room. Thus early, and in such a strange way, was displayed and nourished the passion for old romantic literature which helped to form the mind of the greatest romance writer of any age.

I was told that the surest way of seeing Sir Walter Scott was to go to the Court of Session, where in one of the divisions he usually officiated as one of the principal clerks. This clerkship he had held for many years, and it was the principal source of his official income. He resigned it in less than two years after the time to which I refer. I made my way into the "Inner House," where on the bench sat in awful majesty of purple robes and powdered wigs, four

judges, one of whom, the Lord President Hope, was a Scottish gentleman of the old school, stately in his manners and very *high* in his politics. Down below, at a table covered with law papers, written or printed, sat an elderly white-headed gentleman of a very singular aspect. His forehead was high and peaked, like that sometimes attributed to Shakespeare, and his face had a singularly mixed expression of the imaginative, the shrewd, and the humorous. Happening to look in my direction, he was seen by me for a minute or two to great advantage. I was struck at first with the gentle, and what I called at the time the lamb-like expression of his countenance; but as I gazed, my eyes were at length concentrated on his large upper lip, on which played, like sunbeams on a lake, all manner of lively expressions and meanings. I never saw such a lip on any human face. Some pleasant or humorous thoughts and fancies may have been flashing through the mind of the man I was gazing at so intently. Certainly he looked as if he were imagining some rich character, or sketching out in thought some racy dialogue for a new story.

The work of the day being done, which work he sometimes laughingly described to be the occasional signing of his own short name, Sir Walter, whom I had at once named in my own mind, rose, left his seat, and slowly made his way into the lobby that intervened between the Inner and the Outer House. Here he was met by an official, who helped him to take off his gown; but such a gown was surely never seen on the back of lawyer, professor, or clergyman. It was tattered, torn, and worn in an inexpressible manner. The wonder was that it could hang on his shoulders, or on the peg to which it was transferred, without falling to pieces, in obedience to the law of gravity. No beggar would have lifted it, I think, had he seen it lying on the road. It would hardly have suited the outside of a respectable scarecrow. It seemed to be his first gown, donned when he was a young advocate, and endeared to him afterwards by the associations of his Parliament House life. Scott's attachment to things old had something of his characteristic humour in it. In every respect he dwelt much in the past, and he almost involuntarily associated antiquity with respectability. One of the shrewdest of men, and abounding in modern knowledge as well as in good common sense, he was yet often enslaved by his reverence for men and things of past times, and seemed in his heart to prefer a state of society not only inferior to the present, but for ever passed away. It would have been strange indeed if his gorgeous imagination had never domineered over his thoughts and played fantastic tricks with him, sagacious man of the world as he undoubtedly was.

When the great man had been disrobed of his "looped and windowed raggedness," he grasped his stout walking-stick, and in his ordinary costume sallied out into the neighbouring High Street. The High Street of Edinburgh is one of the sights of Europe at any time; but it was truly worth while walking down it behind the "Author of Waverley." Sir Walter's lameness, I was sorry to observe, was greater than I had imagined it to be. It was his right foot that was all but useless, and now trailed upon the pavement as he walked along. It had probably got worse as he grew older, as is the case with most bodily infirmities. Yet by the help of his stout stick he walked with a firm step, and with a gait neither halting nor shuffling, but peculiarly his own. He had quite the make or build of a strong

and muscular man of six feet, and but for his unfortunate foot he might, as he has somewhere hinted, have turned out a dragoon officer. He had a natural liking for athletic sports, and always admired the military profession; but he was happily prevented from entering the army, and thus the world has been made richer in noble songs and stirring romances. Then also, while Byron's lameness acted unfavourably on his genius, the same thing cannot be said of the lameness of Scott, who had a much more genial temper and a better constituted mind than his great English rival.

As Sir Walter walked down the High Street from the Parliament House towards the Tron Church, I could see with what profound reverence he was regarded by his fellow-citizens. Most respectfully was he saluted by high and low, as if he were the lord of the city or the king of the land. With several of the citizens whom he met he cordially shook hands and exchanged a few friendly words. There was nothing like condescension in his manner, or like the consciousness of greatness. Frankness, sincerity, and genuine affability seemed to mark his whole bearing in meeting and conversing with the citizens and burghers of his "own romantic town." Scott had pride enough of a sort. He had some pride of birth, and not a little of the pride of genius; but he knew well what was due to his fellows of every kind. With honest worth and manly independence in the humblest ranks of life he keenly sympathised. And then he had a full share of that delightful Scotch *kindliness* which an Englishman or foreigner finds it difficult to describe or understand. While perfectly at home in the society of dukes, earls, and belted knights, he never enjoyed himself more than when he had to a quiet dinner at Abbotsford "Willie Laidlaw" and a few of his plain country neighbours, such as lairds, tenants, and men of no high degree. He was much too great a man to have his head turned by popular applause or aristocratic adulation; but he always specially delighted in the company of the worthy friends of his youth, and the honest country neighbours of his riper years.

With all the enthusiasm of a lad of sixteen who had got his first sight, as it proved his last, of one of the foremost men in the world, I followed Sir Walter down the famous Edinburgh street almost to its junction with that continuation of it which is known as the Canongate. Before reaching the house of John Knox, then as now one of the most venerable sights in the Scottish capital, the great man entered one of the narrow, dark, and descending wynds or closes that, leading off the High Street on either side at regular intervals, give it a *herring-bone* appearance on the map. He immediately vanished out of sight, and I refrained from following him farther, lest I should seem to be intrusive. I wondered, however, what took the "Author of Waverley" into such an ancient, dingy, and rather *low* part of the town. Could he be bent on some antiquarian researches, like those so well prosecuted by Robert Chambers? Could he have gone to call on some old town character, some real original, or some humble literary friend? While I was putting such questions to myself I accosted a man that was loitering about the mouth of the wynd, and asked him if he could tell me the name of that lame old gentleman who had just passed him. "Dinna ye ken him?" responded the man. "That's the great Sir Walter Scott." "But what," said I, "takes



him down such a wynd as this?" "He's just away doon," rejoined my friend, "to Ballantyne's *work*, where his bulks are prentit." I may here mention that *work* is a Scotch word for a workshop, office, or factory, where any manufacture is carried on, and a number of workmen are employed. When I heard of Ballantyne's printing-office, I recollected that the first cheap and popular edition of Sir Walter's poems and novels had recently been projected, and had already met with great success. The sale was rising to a still higher figure as one monthly volume after another appeared. The gifted author looked to this *magnum opus*, as he called this edition, for the means of lessening, or altogether removing, the enormous load of debt for which he had become liable. It greatly occupied his thoughts and time during the later years of his life, and when I saw him he wended his way from his clerk's seat in the Parliament House to the dingy printing-office, where proof sheets awaited him, and annotations had to be revised or supplied. I thus beheld the great author at an interesting period of his life, and each terminus of the short journey I saw him perform suggested much of his memorable career. The Parliament House and Ballantyne's printing-office, with the Edinburgh High Street between, might of themselves symbolise no small portion of the life of Scott.

In July, 1831, Sir Walter ceased to be Clerk of Session, and retired, as far as such a man could, into private life. By that time his health had been sadly broken by his misfortunes, and his herculean efforts to retrieve them. Having consented soon after to leave his native land for a tour or residence in the south of Europe, he visited before his departure many of the cherished scenes of his early youth on Tweedside, and in various parts of Roxburghshire. Among other dear and familiar spots that he sought out for the last time was the farm of Sandyknowe, a few miles from Kelso, in which is the old tower of Smailholm, which he has celebrated in one of his ballads. To Sandyknowe he had been sent when a feeble child; and there, lying on the green hillside and looking on the glorious borderland stretching all around him, he had first felt that glow of poetry and romance which was to work such wonders in after days. He was accompanied to this scene of his infancy by Turner, the great painter, his son-in-law Lockhart, and his old friend Skene. He greatly enjoyed the fresh view of scenes that had always been imprinted on his heart; but at times the flood of feeling overcame him, and tears ran down his cheeks. Not long after I visited Sandyknowe, in the course of a ramble through Roxburghshire, and was told by Mrs. Stewart, wife of the tenant, how deeply Sir Walter had been moved in her house, as he spoke to her of old times and long-departed friends of his infancy and youth. Many striking expressions of the great minstrel this worthy woman repeated to me; but, though I wrote them down at the time, I have not been able to recover them or recall them to mind. My impression was that Sir Walter had quite broken down, and that the remembrances of his youthful days again and again overpowered him with a flood of feeling.

A twelvemonth after, almost to a day, this great man expired at Abbotsford, within sound of the clear waters of his much-loved Tweed. His visit to the Mediterranean and Italy had failed to re-establish his shattered health, and having had another ominous attack of illness when abroad, he had hastened home to

die. Midway between Sandyknowe and Abbotsford, the scene of his romantic infancy, and the home of his glorious manhood, stands the venerable abbey of Dryburgh, a noble ruin that contains not a little of the dust of his ancestors; and within its hallowed precincts, on the 26th September, 1832, were deposited his mortal remains. Year after year, at Dryburgh, pilgrims from all lands contemplate with increasing reverence the grave of the man who has not only shed the glory of his genius over his native land, but has delighted the civilised world with his marvellous and almost unmatched creations.

J. D.

### NORWEGIAN WATERFALLS.

NORWAY is a land of waterfalls. Every village has its *fos*, or fall. You find one at the head of almost every valley, and there are few whose sides are not adorned with them. Thus many a waterfall that, were it situated in our home islands, would attract a sufficient number of tourists to support a monster hotel, and perhaps a railway, is here the subject of but a passing glance. Some, however, are of such magnitude and grandeur that they stand out from the rest, and once seen can never be forgotten.

Of these the three principal are, the Voringfos (which has often been described by travellers), the Skjeggedal-fos or Ringedal-fos, and the Rjukanfos, though several others come near them in size, and many perhaps equal them in beauty.\*

The Skjeggedal-fos can best be visited from Odde, a charming place at the top of the magnificent Sor Fjord. It is in the Hardanger district, in the west of Norway. Excellent accommodation is obtainable at Odde; and it was from this spot that, on a fine August morning in 1870, I first started with a party of Englishmen and a Swiss to explore the fall. Murray remarks, "the Ringedal-fos is sometimes incorrectly called the Skjeggedal-fos," but as this, if an error, is one into which the inhabitants of the neighbourhood appear to have universally fallen, I shall venture to follow their example. We were accompanied by two guides, one of whom—Svend Tollefsen—a very intelligent young man and an excellent guide, has, with a commendable industry by no means uncommon among Norwegian peasants, taught himself English. We rowed some distance down the Fjord and landed at a spot where a tumultuous torrent mingled with its waters. A scramble up a steep bank brought us to a pine wood. The path, if path it could be called, then began to lead us up the side of the mountain, which is very precipitous. In some places masses of rock form a rude staircase; in others, the course lies over the bare slippery surface inclining downwards, along which trunks of trees have been fixed, forming a ledge, to which you must trust your feet. Once we had to walk over the face of a slanting rock, where there was nothing to help, and nothing, if footing were lost, to check a descent into the rushing mountain stream that dashes along hundreds of feet below, and would soon hurry the lifeless body into the deep waters of the Fjord. Having passed this spot the worst of the journey is over, and you are halfway to the fall. Here is a solitary hut inhabited by an old man and woman and a goat. The goat was keeping house on the occasion

\* We are indebted for this paper, and the photographs from which our engravings are taken, to Mr. R. W. Dibdin, F.R.G.S.

of our visit, and he did not receive us with the hospitality usual in Norway; indeed he seemed to resent our intrusion on his privacy. Arrived at last at the end of the valley, a distance of seven miles, we got a bowl of milk at the Skjøeggedals Farm, and were then rowed over a small lake by our guides and a remarkably ugly little man who appeared on the

fos. Various estimates are given of its height—I think the most correct is about 800 feet; more than twice the height of St. Paul's Cathedral, to quote a favourite English standard of measurement.

We left our boat at the foot of the fall, and I climbed about halfway up the side, among fallen masses of rock. I got almost wet through with the foam. The



THE BJUKANFOS, TELLEMARKE.

spot. A short walk brought us to another and a larger lake—the Ringedalsvand—which we were informed was devoid of fish. This lake is surrounded by an amphitheatre of mountains, the forms of which are remarkably striking and grand. Behind us, in the distance, through the break in the mountains caused by the valley down which we had just scrambled, we saw the great snow-field of the Folge-fond glittering in the sunlight. In front the lake narrowed. The dark shadows of the mountains gradually deepened, and at length, as a mighty roaring sound was borne by the wind to our ears, we saw, closing the view in front, a mass of foaming, seething, boiling waters, which, just grazing the rock in their descent, throw themselves at one bound from the top of the mountain to the level of the lake below, casting up clouds of spray over which, while the sun shines, plays a perpetual rainbow. This is the great Skjøeggedal-

noise of the falling waters was so great that when separated by a yard we could hardly hear each other speak.

After an hour given to rest and enjoyment of the scene before us we commenced our return. At one of the steepest parts of the path we were overtaken by the old man and woman who lived at the little hut before mentioned. Their feet were bare, and they carried on their heads huge bundles of hay. They passed us at a sharp trot, calling on us, as we were cautiously and slowly picking our way with the assistance of poles, to stand aside. We got back to Odde in about eleven hours from the time of starting, but the excursion has often been made in much less time; an American gentleman, for instance, with the celerity peculiar to his energetic countrymen, lately went from Odde to the Skjøeggedals and back in less than eight hours. Several English ladies have



visited the fall, somewhat to the astonishment and much to the admiration of the natives, one of whom remarked to me that Bergen ladies would be frightened at the bare idea of things which English ladies seem to look upon as pleasure.

The Rjukanfos (*Anglicè* Reeking, smoking waterfall) is in Telemarken, the poorest, wildest, and one of the most picturesque and beautiful of the districts of Norway. It is not difficult of access from Christiania *viâ* Drammen and Konsberg, though but a small proportion of English visitors to Norway include it in their tour. Dal used to be the only place where fair accommodation could be obtained near the Rjukan, from which it is five or six miles distant; now, however, you find very snug quarters at Krokan but a few yards from the fall, where you can be lulled to sleep by its ceaseless roar. I arrived at Dal one evening in August, 1871, having climbed over the Gousta mountain with an American gentleman. We slept there, and on the following afternoon, in the midst of pouring rain, started to the Rjukanfos. The road was very good for some miles along the side of the Maan river, a noisy rapid stream which flows through the bottom of the valley. A wall of mountains rose on each side, but on this occasion the amount of their altitude was left to our imagination, as the clouds came far down their sides. At last the road degenerated into a narrow path, which soon became steep and rugged. The valley got gradually narrower, and its huge rocky sides approached nearer and nearer each other, whilst the rushing sound of the river became less distinct each moment as we left it farther and farther below us on our left. A little house now appeared before us, perched on a rock like an eagle's nest. This was Krokan. Following the narrow path past it, perhaps a hundred yards, we came to the edge of the precipice, and standing near the spot where a fallen tree is represented in the photograph engraved to accompany this sketch, we got our first view of the fall. Very mighty, mysterious, and almost awful it looked on that stormy evening through the mist and foam as, swollen with the rains, it came thundering down through the rift in the mountains opposite with a deafening roar.

We were not sorry to dry our clothes at the blazing log fire on the great open hearth at Krokan, and to betake ourselves with the best preparation, hunger, to an excellent supper of boiled mutton, a most unusual and unexpected luxury in those regions.

Next day was fine and sunny, but I think the great Rjukanfos looks best in the storm and the mist. The lowest estimate of the height of the fall (and it seems strange in a country where there are so many scientific men that we should have to trust to mere estimate at all) is 600 feet, though some travellers have thought this much under the mark.

A short scramble through the bushes to the right of the foreground in the accompanying view of the fall conducts into a little path which leads along the face of the precipice towards the top of the fall. This path is called the Marie Stien, and the following is a melancholy legend connected with it, as I heard it narrated on the spot.

Many years ago the beautiful Marie of Westfjorden lived at her father's farm near the head of the fall. Her hand was sought by a wealthy lover, and her father favoured the suit, but her heart had been long won by the friend of her childhood, Ejstein Halfoordsen. In those rude times deeds of violence were but too common, and the disappointed suitor

formed a plot to waylay and murder his rival as he came one day to visit his betrothed. It came to the ears of Marie. How to warn Ejstein of his danger she knew not; but love is ingenious, and she boldly made the attempt to pass along the face of the cliff, the regular road being already occupied by the intending murderers. The effort succeeded. Marie warned her lover and he fled the country. Years passed away; her father died, her enemy ceased to persecute, and, still constant, she lived in hope of the return of Ejstein. One day she thought she saw a figure approaching along the steep path which she had first discovered; it drew nearer; she recognised the features. It was Ejstein Halfoordsen; he was returning, rich and honoured, to claim his bride. She ran to meet him. When he saw her he waved his arms and uttered her name with a glad cry of welcome. As he did so his foot slipped, he lost his balance, and fell headlong into the abyss below. Marie's intellect failed, and as she gradually faded away she would constantly walk up and down the narrow fatal path, and in fancy heard the voice of Ejstein mingling with the roar of the mighty waters of the Rjukanfos.

A way has been constructed with some ingenuity to the level of the stream below the fall. When I got to the bottom I was disappointed to find that the fall was hidden from view by a mass of rock. It seems a pity that so much labour should have been expended apparently in vain, but perhaps the mistake may yet be remedied.

I have been able only feebly to describe two of the great waterfalls of Norway. No words can do them justice. Amidst such scenes man feels his insignificance, and cannot surely be unimpressed by a thought of the greatness and power of Him "who has divided a watercourse for the overflowing of waters," "who sendeth the springs into the valleys which run among the hills."

R. W. D.

## PRIMITIVE MAN.

BY J. W. DAWSON, LL.D., F.R.S., PRINCIPAL OF MCGILL COLLEGE, MONTREAL.

### III.—CREATION AS APPLIED TO MAN.

WE have seen in our last article that evolution as an hypothesis has no basis in experience or in scientific fact, and that its imagined series of transmutations has breaks which cannot be filled. We have now to consider how it stands with the belief that man has been created by a higher power. Against this supposition the evolutionists try to create a prejudice in two ways. First, they maintain with Herbert Spencer that the hypothesis of creation is inconceivable, or, as they say, "unthinkable;" an assertion which, when examined, proves to mean only that we do not know perfectly the details of such an operation, an objection equally fatal to the origin either of matter or life, on the hypothesis of evolution. Secondly, they always refer to creation as if it must be a special miracle, in the sense of a contravention of or departure from ordinary natural laws; but this is an assumption utterly without proof, since creation may be as much according to law as evolution, though in either case the precise laws involved may be very imperfectly known.

How absurd, they say, to imagine an animal created at once, fully formed, by a special miracle, instead of supposing it to be slowly elaborated

through countless ages of evolution. To Darwin the doctrine of creation is but "a curious illustration of the blindness of preconceived opinion." "These authors," he says, "seem no more startled at a miraculous act of creation than at an ordinary birth; but do they really believe that at innumerable periods in the earth's history, certain elemental atoms have been commanded suddenly to flash into living tissues?" Darwin, with all his philosophic fairness, sometimes becomes almost Spencerian in his looseness of expression; and in the above extract, the terms "miraculous," "innumerable," "elemental atoms," "suddenly," and "flash," all express ideas in no respect necessary to the work of creation. Those who have no faith in evolution as a cause of the production of species, may well ask in return how the evolutionist can prove that creation must be instantaneous, that it must follow no law, that it must produce an animal fully formed, that it must be miraculous. In short, it is a portion of the policy of evolutionists to endeavour to tie down their opponents to a purely gratuitous and ignorant view of creation, and then to attack them in that position.

What, then, is the actual statement of the theory of creation as it may be held by a modern man of science? Simply this; that all things have been produced by the Supreme Creative Will, acting either directly or through the agency of the forces and materials of his own production.

This theory does not necessarily affirm that creation is miraculous, in the sense of being contrary to or subversive of law; law and order are as applicable to creation as to any other process. It does not contradict the idea of successive creations. There is no necessity that the process should be instantaneous and without progression. It does not imply that all kinds of creation are alike. There may be higher and lower kinds. It does not exclude the idea of similarity or dissimilarity of plan and function as to the products of creation. Distinct products of creation may be either similar to each other in different degrees, or dissimilar. It does not even exclude evolution or derivation to a certain extent: anything once created may, if sufficiently flexible and elastic, be evolved or involved to any extent. Indeed, creation and derivation may, rightly understood, be complementary to each other. Created things, unless absolutely unchangeable, must be more or less modified by influence from within and from without, and derivation or evolution may account for certain subordinate changes of things already made. Man, for example, may be a product of creation, yet his creation may have been in perfect harmony with those laws of procedure which the Creator has set for His own operations. He may have been preceded by other creations of things more or less similar or dissimilar. He may have been created by the same processes with some or all of these, or by different means. His body may have been created in one way, his soul in another. He may, nay, in all probability would be, part of a plan of which some parts would approach very near to him in structure or functions. After his creation, spontaneous culture and outward circumstances may have moulded him into varieties, and given him many different kinds of speech and of habits. These points are so obvious to common sense that it would be quite unnecessary to insist on them, were they not habitually overlooked or mis-stated by evolutionists.

The creation hypothesis is also free from some

of the difficulties of evolution. It avoids the absurdity of an eternal progression from the less to the more complex. It provides in *will*, the only source of power actually known to us by ordinary experience, an intelligible origin of nature. It does not require us to contradict experience by supposing that there are no differences of kind or essence in things. It does not require us to assume, contrary to experience, an invariable tendency to differentiate and improve. It does not exact the bridging over of all gaps which may be found between the several grades of beings which exist or have existed.

Why, then, are so many men of science disposed to ignore altogether this view of the matter? Mainly, I believe, because, from the training of many of them, they are absolutely ignorant of the subject, and from their habits of thought have come to regard physical force and the laws regulating it as the one power in nature, and to relegate all spiritual powers or forces, or, as they have been taught to regard them, "supernatural" things, to the domain of the "unknowable." Perhaps some portion of the difficulty may be got over by abandoning altogether the word "supernatural," which has been much misused, and by holding nature to represent the whole cosmos, and to include both the *physical* and the *spiritual*, both of them in the fullest sense subject to law, but each to the law of its own special nature. I have read somewhere a story of some ignorant orientals who were induced to keep a steam-engine supplied with water by the fiction that it contained a terrible *djin*, or demon, who, if allowed to become thirsty, would break out and destroy them all. Had they been enabled to discard this superstition, and to understand the force of steam, we can readily imagine that they would now suppose they knew the whole truth, and might believe that any one who taught them that the engine was a product of intelligent design, was only taking them back to the old doctrine of the thirsty demon of the boiler. This is, I think, at present, the mental condition of many scientists with reference to creation.

Here we come to the first demand which the doctrine of creation makes on us by way of premises. In order that there may be creation there must be a primary Self-existent Spirit, whose will is supreme. The evolutionist cannot refuse to admit this on as good ground as that on which we hesitate to receive the postulates of his faith. It is no real objection to say that a God can be known to us only partially, and, with reference to his real essence, not at all; since, even if we admit this, it is no more than can be said of matter and force.

I am not about here to repeat any of the ordinary arguments for the existence of a spiritual First Cause, and Creator of all things, but it may be proper to show that this assumption is not inconsistent with experience, or with the facts and principles of modern science. The statement which I would make on this point shall be in the words of a very old writer, not so well known as he should be to many who talk volubly enough about antagonisms between science and Christianity: "That which is known of God is manifest in them (in men), for God manifested it unto them. For since the creation of the world His invisible things, even His eternal power and divinity are plainly seen, being perceived by means of things that are made."\* The

\* Paul's Epistle to the Romans, chap. 1.

statement here is very precise. Certain things relating to God are manifest within men's minds, and are proved by the evidence of His works; these properties of God thus manifested being specially His power or control of all forces, and His divinity or possession of a nature higher than ours. The argument of the writer is that all heathens know this; and, as a matter of fact, I believe it must be admitted even by those most sceptical on such points, that some notion of a divinity has been derived from nature by men of all nations and tribes, if we except, perhaps, a few enlightened positivists of this nineteenth century, whom excess of light has made blind. "If the light that is in man be darkness, how great is that darkness." But then this notion of a God is a very old and primitive one, and Spencer takes care to inform us that "first thoughts are either wholly out of harmony with things, or in very incomplete harmony with them," and consequently that old beliefs and generally diffused notions are presumably wrong.

Is it true, however, that the modern knowledge of nature tends to rob it of a spiritual First Cause? One can conceive such a tendency if all our advances in knowledge had tended more and more to identify force with matter in its grosser forms, and to remove more and more from our mental view those powers which are not material; but the very reverse of this is the case. Modern discovery has tended more and more to attach importance to certain universally diffused media which do not seem to be subject to the laws of ordinary matter, and to prove at once the Protean character and indestructibility of forces, the aggregate of which, as acting in the universe, gives us our nearest approach to the conception of physical omnipotence. This is what so many of our evolutionists mean when they indignantly disclaim materialism. They know that there is a boundless energy beyond mere matter, and of which matter seems the sport and toy. Could they conceive of this energy as the expression of a personal will, they would become theists.

Man himself presents a microcosm of matter and force, raised to a higher plane than that of the merely chemical and physical. In him we find not merely that brain and nerve force which is common to him and lower animals, and which exhibits one of the most marvellous energies in nature, but we have the higher force of will and intellect, enabling him to read the secrets of nature, to seize and combine and utilize its laws like a god, and like a god to attain to the higher discernment of good and evil. Nay, more, this power which resides within man rules with omnipotent energy the material organism, driving its nerve forces until cells and fibres are worn out and destroyed, taxing muscles and tendons till they break, impelling its slave the body even to that which will bring injury and death itself. Surely, what we thus see in man must be the image and likeness of the Great Spirit. We can escape from this conclusion only by one or other of two assumptions, either of which is rather to be called a play upon words than a scientific theory. We may, with a certain class of physicists and physiologists, confine our attention wholly to the fire and the steam, and overlook the engineer. We may assume that with protoplasm and animal electricity, for example, we can dispense with life, and not only with life but with spirit also. Yet he who regards vitality as an unmeaning word, and yet speaks of "living protoplasm," and "dead protoplasm," and affirms that

between these two states, so different in their phenomena, no chemical or physical difference exists, is surely either laughing at us, or committing himself to what the Duke of Argyll calls a philosophical bull; and he who shows us that electrical discharges are concerned in muscular contraction, has just as much proved that there is no need of life or spirit, as the electrician who has explained the mysteries of the telegraph has shown that there can be no need of an operator. We may, turning to the opposite extreme, trust to the metaphysical fallacy of those who affirm that neither matter, nor force, nor spirit, need concern them, for that all are merely states of consciousness in ourselves. But what of the conscious self—this self which thinks, and which is in relation with surroundings which it did not create, and which presumably did not create it? and what is the unknown third term which must have been the means of setting up these relations? Here again our blind guides involve us in an absolute self-contradiction.

Thus we are thrown back on the grand old truth that man, heathen and savage, or Christian and scientific, opens his eyes on nature and reads therein both the physical and the spiritual, and in connection with both of these the power and divinity of an Almighty Creator. He may at first have many wrong views both of God and of His works, but as he penetrates further into the laws of matter and mind, he attains more just conceptions of their relations to the Great Centre and Source of All, and instead of being able to dispense with creation, he hopes to be able at length to understand its laws and methods. If unhappily he abandons this high ambition, and contents himself with mere matter and physical force, he cannot rise to the highest development either of science or philosophy.

It may, however, be said that evolution may admit all this, and still be held as a scientific doctrine in connection with a modified belief in creation. The work of actual creation may have been limited to a few elementary types, and evolution may have done the rest. Evolutionists may still be theists. We have already seen that the doctrine, as carried out to its logical consequences, excludes creation and theism. It may, however, be shown that even in its more modified forms, and when held by men who maintain that they are not atheists, it is practically atheistic, because excluding the idea of plan and design, and resolving all things into the action of unintelligent forces. It is necessary to observe this, because it is the half-way evolutionism which professes to have a Creator somewhere behind it, that is most popular; though it is, if possible, more unphilosophical than that which professes to set out from absolute and eternal nonentity, or from self-existent star-dust containing all the possibilities of the universe.

Absolute atheists recognise in Darwinism, for example, a philosophy which reduces all things to a "gradual summation of innumerable minute and accidental material operations," and in this they are more logical than those who seek to reconcile evolution with design. Huxley, in his "lay sermons," referring to Paley's argument for design founded on the structure of a watch, says that if the watch could be conceived to be a product of a less perfect structure improved by natural selection, it would then appear to be the "result of a method of trial and error worked by unintelligent agents, as likely as of the direct application of the means appropriate to that



end, by an intelligent agent." This is a bold and true assertion of the actual relation of even this modified evolution to rational and practical theism, which requires not merely this god "afar off," who has set the stone of nature rolling and then turned his back upon it, but a present God, whose will is the law of nature, now as in times past. The evolutionist is really in a position of absolute antagonism to the idea of creation, even when held with all due allowance for the variations of created things within certain limits.

Perhaps Paley's old illustration of the watch, as applied by Huxley, may serve to show this as well as any other. If the imperfect watch, useless as a time-keeper, is the work of the contriver, and the perfection of it is the result of unintelligent agents working fortuitously, then it is clear that creation and design have a small and evanescent share in the construction of the fabric of nature. But is it really so? Can we attribute the perfection of the watch to "accidental material operations" any more than the first effort to produce such an instrument? Paley himself long ago met this view of the case, but his argument may be extended by the admissions and pleas of the evolutionists themselves. For example, the watch is altogether a mechanical thing, and this fact by no means implies that it could not be made by an intelligent and spiritual designer, yet this assumption that physical laws exclude creation and design turns up in almost every page of the evolutionists. Paley has well shown that if the watch contained within itself machinery for making other watches, this would not militate against his argument. It would be so if it could be proved that a piece of metal had spontaneously produced an imperfect watch, and this a more perfect one, and so on; but this is precisely what evolutionists still require to prove with respect both to the watch and to man. On the other hand it is no argument for the evolution of the watch that there may be different kinds of watches, some more and others less perfect, and that ruder forms may have preceded the more perfect. This is perfectly compatible with creation and design. Evolutionists, however, generally fail to make this distinction. Nor would it be any proof of the evolution of the watch to find that, as Spencer would say, it was in perfect harmony with its environment, as, for instance, that it kept time with the revolution of the earth, and contained contrivances to regulate its motion under different temperatures, unless it could be shown that the earth's motion and the changes of temperature had been efficient causes of the motion and the adjustments of the watch; otherwise the argument would look altogether in the direction of design. Nor would it be fair to shut up the argument of design to the idea that the watch must have suddenly flashed into existence fully formed and in motion. It would be quite as much a creation if slowly and laboriously made by the hand of the artificer, or if more rapidly struck off by machinery; and if the latter, it would not follow that the machine which produced the watch was at all like the watch itself. It might have been something very different. Finally, when Spencer tries to cut at the root of the whole of this argument, by affirming that man has no more right to reason from himself with regard to his Maker than a watch would have to reason from its own mechanical structure and affirm the like of its maker, he signally fails. If the watch had such power of reasoning it would be more than mechanical,

and would be intelligent like its maker; and in any case, if thus reasoning it came to the conclusion that it was a result of "accidental material operations," it would be altogether mistaken. Nor would it be nearer the truth if it held that it was a product of spontaneous evolution from an imperfect and comparatively useless watch that had been made millions of years before.

We have taken this illustration of the watch merely as given to us by Huxley, and without in the least seeking to overlook the distinction between a dead machine and a living organism; but the argument for creation and design is quite as strong in the case of the latter, so long as it cannot be proved by actual facts to be a product of derivation from a distinct species. This has not been proved either in the case of man or any other species, and so long as it has not, the theory of creation and design is infinitely more rational and scientific than that of evolution in any of its forms.

But all this does not relieve us from the question, How can species be created?—the same question put to Paul by the sceptics of the first century with reference to the resurrection—"How are the dead raised, and with what bodies do they come?" I do not wish to evade this question, whether applied to man or to a microscopic animalcule, and I would answer it with the following statements:—

1. The advocate of creation is in this matter in no worse position than the evolutionist. This we have already shown, and I may refer here to the fact that Darwin himself assumes at least one primitive form of animal and plant life, and he is confessedly just as little able to imagine this one act of creation as any other that may be demanded of him.

2. We are not bound to believe that all groups of individual animals, which naturalists may call species, have been separate products of creation. Man himself has by some naturalists been divided into several species; but we may well be content to believe the creation of one primitive form and the production of existing races by variation. Every zoologist and botanist who has studied any group of animals or plants with care, knows that there are numerous related forms passing into each other, which some naturalists might consider to be distinct species, but which it is certainly not necessary to regard as distinct products of creation. Every species is more or less variable, and this variability may be developed by different causes. Individuals exposed to unfavourable conditions will be stunted and depauperated; those in more favourable circumstances may be improved and enlarged. Important changes may thus take place without transgressing the limits of the species, or preventing a return to its typical forms; and the practice of confounding these more limited changes with the wider structural and physiological differences which separate true species is much to be deprecated. Animals which pass through metamorphoses, or which are developed through the instrumentality of intermediate forms or "nurses,"\* are not only liable to be separated by mistake into distinct species, but they may, under certain circumstances, attain to a premature maturity, or may be fixed for a time or permanently in an immature condition. Further, species, like individuals, probably have their infancy, maturity, and decay in geological time, and may present differences in these several

\* Mr. Mungo Ponton, in his book "The Beginning," has based a theory of derivation on this peculiarity.

stages. It is the remainder of true specific types left after all these sources of errors are removed, that creation has to account for; and to arrive at this remainder, and to ascertain its nature and amount, will require a vast expenditure of skilful and conscientious labour.

3. Since animals and plants have been introduced upon our earth in long succession throughout geological time, and this in a somewhat regular manner, we have a right to assume that their introduction has been in accordance with a law or plan of creation, and that this may have included the co-operation of many efficient causes, and may have differed in its application to different cases. This is a very old doctrine of theology, for it appears in the early chapters of Genesis. There the first aquatic animals, and man, are said to have been "created;" plants are said to have been "brought forth by the land;" the mammalia are said to have been "made." In the more detailed account of the introduction of man in the second chapter of the same book, he is said to have been "formed of the dust of the ground;" and in regard to his higher spiritual life to have had this "breathed into" him by God. These are very simple expressions, but they are very precise and definite in the original, and they imply a diversity in the creative work. Farther, this is in accordance with the analogy of modern science. How diverse are the modes of reproduction and development of animals and plants, though all under one general law; and is it not likely that the mode of their first introduction on the earth was equally diverse?

4. Our knowledge of the conditions of the origination of species, is so imperfect that we may possibly appear for some time to recede from, rather than to approach to, a solution of the question. In the infancy of chemistry, it was thought that chemical elements could be transmuted into each other. The progress of knowledge removed this explanation of their origin, and has as yet failed to substitute any other in its place. It may be the same with organic species. The attempt to account for them by derivation may prove fallacious, yet it may be some time before we turn the corner, should this be possible, and enter the path which actually leads up to their origin.

Lastly, in these circumstances our wisest course is to take individual species, and to inquire as to their history in time, and the probable conditions of their introduction. Such investigations are now being made by many quiet workers, whose labours are comparatively little known, and many of whom are scarcely aware of the importance of what they are doing toward a knowledge of, at least, the conditions of creation, which is perhaps all that we can at present hope to reach.

In our next paper we shall try to sum up what is known as to man himself, in the conditions of his first appearance on our earth, as made known to us by scientific investigation, and explained on the theory of creation as opposed to evolution.

## A MIDLAND TOUR.

### XVII.—WOLVERHAMPTON.

We are now in the Iron Capital, the Metropolis of the Black Country! It is very irregularly but substantially built, and well paved, and has many fine edifices. Its old name, "Hampton," is thought

to have signified High Town, or a town on a hill, and in its most elevated parts it commands an extensive and, in some directions, a very beautiful view. The town, which first sent members to Parliament in 1832,\* became a municipal borough in 1847, and contains about 14,000 houses; it is divided into eight wards, named after the eight principal or oldest churches (by an Act passed in 1848 the ancient parish of Wolverhampton was divided into sixteen Church districts, or clerical parishes, and these were constituted vicarages). It has numerous places of worship; a fine Town Hall; an Exchange for ironmasters and merchants; an Agricultural Hall for farmers and corn-dealers; a Market Hall; a Public Library of 14,000 volumes; a Free (Lending and Reference) Library (opened in September, 1869, and possessing more than 10,000 volumes); a Free Grammar School (founded in 1714); an elegant School of Practical Art (commenced in 1854); National, Bluecoat, Ragged, and other Schools; an Orphan Asylum, for the reception and education of destitute orphans from all parts of the kingdom,† and a General Hospital and Dispensary. And in its principal square stands the finest bronze equestrian statue of Prince Albert in the kingdom, wrought by Thornercroft after the express idea of the Queen, and inaugurated by her Majesty, with great public rejoicings, on the 30th of November, 1866.

It is about 1,200 years since Christianity was first planted in this part of England by Wulfer, king of Mercia. A venerable stone pillar or cross yet standing in the churchyard of St. Peter's—upon or near the spot where in bygone ages justice was publicly administered—is thought to commemorate this event. Three hundred years after, Wulfruna, sister of King Edgar, built the Collegiate Church,‡ dedicated it to St. Mary, and so richly endowed it that the place, till then known as Hampton, was called Wulfruna's Hampton, which name, as time went on, became Wolverhampton. Many an abbot has held lordly sway here, not, indeed, undisturbed, for the din of war has broken rudely in on the easy quiet of religious meditation, and fire and sword have desolated and stained the once fair fields with which the monasteries had been gifted. The Danes in their visits to our coasts penetrated even to this inmost part of England, bringing back with them the paganism that had been banished, and slaying both sexes and every age. The men of Wolverhampton withstood, and twice in one year defeated them, killing in a single battle two of their kings and thousands of their soldiers. But pestilence followed, and swept away myriads of men and cattle. These, however, were passing events: the dark cloud of superstition—an almost Egyptian gloom—brooded over Wolverhampton age after age, cherished by priestly ignorance, sloth, and indulgence. In the reign of King John the secular

\* The parliamentary borough includes Bilston, Willenhall, Wednesfield, and Sedgley, and contains a population of 163,408.

† It is worthy of remark that this noble institution had its origin in the efforts of one individual—the late J. Lees, Esq.—who, impressed with the sad condition of the orphans left destitute during the prevalence of the cholera in 1849, opened a temporary asylum in 1850 for the young of this class in the neighbourhood, and soon felt encouraged to extend his views, and to found a large and permanent establishment for orphans from every part of the United Kingdom. He was enabled to raise a building large enough for 200 children, and combining the advantages and protection of a home with suitable instruction and training.

‡ See "A Sketch of the Ecclesiastical and Moral State of Wolverhampton, from A.D. 900 to the present time, partly compiled from Oliver's Historical and Descriptive Account of the Collegiate Church of Wolverhampton, and from other Sources. By the Rev. G. Fraser, St. Mary's, Wolverhampton." We are ourselves indebted to this pamphlet for some information.

canons were notoriously dissipated, lived luxuriously, and, while they were hated by the people, associated with the very dregs of society, even, we are told, with thieves and outcasts. Yet much money, and skill, and labour, were spent here on church architecture and ornament, chapels and chantries, altars, monuments, pictures, statuary, and painted windows. St. Mary's was rich in jewels and plate, and there was a dean with prebendaries, and curates, and a sacrist, and singers, for the performance and maintenance of divine service; and though the hand of spoliation again and again fell upon them, and the inheritance of the Church was seized by kings, disposed of by popes, held by sacrilegious laymen, coveted by many who had not power to take possession, divided, and apportioned, on the whole they were tolerably at ease. The popular mind slept, and popular religion consisted only in attendance at mass, confessions, pilgrimages; and the worship of the Virgin, saints, and relics. By-and-by came the Puritans, who broke and disfigured, tore down, pillaged, razed, and destroyed, all that was most beautiful, costly, and sacred. Ere this, however, Dud Dudley had discovered the art of smelting iron by coal; and, though long and obstinately opposed, it was at last adopted. Then the popular mind was aroused. The people gathered round the coal and iron pits. Their numbers increased. The religious element was not lost; new churches were erected, and new sects sprung up. The population, which was reckoned at 8,000 only in the year 1800, in 1861 was 60,860, and in 1871, 68,279; and a thousand is now added to it yearly.

It is about two centuries since Dud Dudley succeeded in establishing the use of pit coal in the manufacture of iron. Wilkinson lighted his first blast furnace in 1768, and built his first mill and forge three years afterwards. And now, while on the north and west—the "Green Border-Land" of Elihu Burritt—all is still, as we see, rural and picturesque—all about the south and east sides of this town are coal and iron mines, blast furnaces, forges, rolling mills, and foundries; and Wolverhampton produces iron in almost every shape, from pig-iron to finished iron, iron foundry goods, iron braziers and galvanised iron goods, iron tubes, steel, edge tools, and enamelled hollow wares, machinery, mills, cut nails, and, above all, *locks*, for in the production of locks more than 100 firms and 2,000 people find employment, and the town may be said literally to hold three-fourths of the habitable globe under lock and key. And the lock trade of Wolverhampton is quite distinct from that of other parts of South Staffordshire. Nearly two hundred years since it was said: "The artisans of Wolverhampton seem to be preferred to all others in lock-making, they making them in suites, six, eight, or more in a suite, according as the chapman bespeaks them, whereof the keys shall neither of them open the other's lock, yet one master-key shall open them all. Nay, so curious are they in lockwork that they can contrive a lock that the master or mistress of a family sending a servant into their closets, either with the master-key or their own, can certainly tell by the lock how many times that servant has been in, at any distance of time, or how many times the lock has been shot for a whole year together, some of them being made to show it 300, 500, or 1,000 times; nay, one of the chief workmen of the town told me he could make one that should show it 10,000 times. Further yet,

I was told of a very fine lock, made in this town, sold for £20, that had a set of chimes in it, that could go at any hour the master should think fit. And these locks they make either with brass or iron boxes, so curiously polished, and the keys so finely wrought, that it is not reasonable to think they were ever exceeded, unless by Tubal Cain, the inspired artificer in brass and iron." It has been stated that in and around Wolverhampton "there are some five hundred distinct lock factories, some of them employing only a master workman and his two or three apprentices, others boasting as many as a hundred or a hundred and fifty workpeople. There are probably five thousand locksmiths in the aggregate in the vicinity of this 'hardware village.'"

Messrs. Chubb and Son, of St. Paul's Churchyard, are among the foremost of our English lock manufacturers. Their works are situated at the entrance to the town, and attract the attention of the stranger immediately on his arrival. They inform us that they commenced business in Wolverhampton some forty years ago, and that they now employ about a hundred workpeople, and have room for many more. One peculiar feature—the "detector"—characterises, and has always distinguished, Chubb's locks; and, with the tumblers, is the basis of security against all attempts at "picking." The detector consists of a spring, which so long as the levers are lifted with exactness by the true key, remains inactive; but should the levers, raised by a false key, vary in the slightest degree, this spring instantly secures the bottom lever, and renders the bolt immovable. When the true key is applied while the detector spring is "on duty," the former has to be turned the reverse way, and the spring restored to its original position, and the lever is then set at liberty. All their locks are made in series, having a separate and different key to each, and a master-key for opening any number that may be required; moreover, all they manufacture in Wolverhampton are made by hand, and no machinery whatever is used in making them. They turn out about 40,000 locks a year, not one of which is sold at less than ten shillings, while the most expensive are five pounds each. Among the curiosities of manufacture in their possession is a lock and key in the Florentine style, the works being encased in walnut wood, and the ornamental steel-work cut out by hand; a key in Venetian Gothic style, adapted from some fine old specimens of ornamental ironwork at Venice, and beautifully wrought; another key, the bow of which is composed of nearly 2,000 pieces of steel; a detector padlock, made in gold, with four tumblers, detector, and springs, set in a finger-ring, the weight of the lock and two keys being only sixteen grains!—a gigantic rim-lock, weighing upwards of two hundred-weight, and as finely finished as a lady's watch; and "gunpowder-proof" locks for patent iron safes, which are manufactured in London.

To show the strength and durability of the locks, one was attached to a steam-engine in Portsmouth dockyard, and was locked and unlocked upwards of four hundred and sixty thousand times (to try the effect of friction), without receiving the least injury. Messrs. Chubb constructed a set of locks for the Westminster Bridewell, consisting of 1,100 locks, with separate keys for every lock, and master-keys that would open all. The whole of the locks on the external doors, and the principal inner doors, of the International Exhibition building of



1862, were made by the same firm. Although arranged in various divisions as regards their keys, all were under the command of one master-key, which was presented by the Chairman of the Commissioners to H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, her Majesty's representative, at the opening ceremony. And they tell us that so extensive are the combinations to be made in locks that it would be quite practicable to make locks for all the doors of all the houses in London, with a distinct and different key to each lock, and one master-key to pass the whole! Every lock they produce is entirely made by one man, whose name is recorded against it in a ledger, which also records that of the buyer; further, it bears a number; so that, by sending the number of a lock at any time, its history may be ascertained. Australia and India (especially Calcutta) are great markets for these locks, which are also supplied to the colonies generally.

We have mentioned the world-famous fire-resisting iron safes. They are of many kinds and sizes, and are often wonders of mechanical ingenuity and contrivance. It sometimes happens, especially abroad, that a "Strong Room" is required, that building materials or skilled workmen are scarce, and that it is more convenient to order a very large wrought iron fire-resisting safe, in itself a "Strong Room." Much space is thus saved which would be used in building a room of brick or stone that would afford equal protection—the safes may be had of any size, and in sections readily put together—and they are easily removed from place to place. They are often used at home as treasure chests within the ordinary strong rooms of banking houses.

A strong room was lately made for a London bank, the walls of which, two feet thick, were formed of hard bricks laid in cement, and with hoop-iron worked in: the room was lined throughout with wrought-iron half an inch thick; there were two doors, the outer of strong iron, with two locks; the inner of combined steel and iron of extraordinary strength, with two locks, throwing ten bolts. A safe, weighing eight tons, and throwing twenty bolts, was inside this; an alarum in the resident clerk's bedroom was attached to the inside of the strong room, so that if the outer door were opened a gong was set going; a porter slept in front of the outer door; and, by pulling a handle, could set the alarum off, if necessary; and a watchman was always on duty. For the further security of strong rooms in banks, it is frequently arranged that a stout bolt, quite independent of all the usual locks and fastenings, shall shoot into a socket on the inner side of the iron door. This is worked from the manager's bedroom, where its handle is concealed in an iron box fixed in the floor, or other convenient position.

A new form of safe has been constructed, the body of which is made with the usual casing of fireproof non-conductors, while the outer casing is made of two plates of iron with hard steel plates fastened between them of a total thickness of one inch, firmly riveted and secured all round by strong angle-iron inside, and the outer plate (half-inch) dovetailed in addition. The solid frame into which the bolts go is made to overlap and bind all round the four sides, so as to make practically one piece. The rebated door is constructed in the same way as the sides, but it is one and a half inches thick; the locks are gunpowder-proof. The most important feature of this safe, however, is the system adopted to prevent its being

opened by wedges. The bolts are thrown diagonally all round the four sides of the door, so that they act as dovetails, and effectually prevent the action of wedges, or any other violent means used to open the door, to which the lock is fastened by a great number of screws and screw bolts, so that it cannot be moved.

A remarkable proof of what may be done by co-operation is afforded by the Plate-Locksmiths' Association, which commenced business in Wolverhampton seven or eight years ago in a very humble way, and has gone steadily on, under the most trying circumstances, till it now possesses a large factory and range of workshops, and employs about half the workmen—and it is said most of the *best* workmen—in the plate-lock trade. It is true that no dividend has yet been given to the shareholders, nor have they hitherto been able to obtain or give a satisfactory rate of wages, which the market price of plate-locks keeps down; but without any capital, save their own hands, arms, and brains, they have created a valuable property, and it cannot, it is thought, be long ere they will so monopolise the best workmen—who flock to them, it may be presumed, from a brotherly feeling—as to raise the wages of the trade to a proper scale. But, as before remarked, the lock trade generally is very much in the hands of small masters, who compete with each other, keep prices down, and hinder improvement in many ways.

Among the principal iron manufacturers of Wolverhampton are Messrs. Thorncroft and Co., who employ about 2,000 hands, have seventy-four puddling furnaces and twelve rolling mills now in operation, and manufacture plate, angle-iron, T-iron, girders, sheets, hoops, and bars, producing about 700 tons of finished iron weekly. Messrs. Thorncroft make most of their own machinery, rolls, etc.; and manufacture the iron for, and build, their own canal boats, of which they have 112 now in use. They expend upwards of 2,000 tons of coal weekly in their several works; and have a colliery extending over about 150 acres. Their men work day and night, week about, alternately; the day puddlers beginning work on Tuesday morning and finishing on Saturday evening; the night puddlers commencing on Monday night, and ending on Saturday morning—all the puddlers thus making ten days in the fortnight. (The puddlers cannot work in the daytime on Mondays, as that day is reserved for repairs to the furnaces.) The day men at the mills begin on Monday morning, and work till Saturday night; and the night mill-men begin on Monday night and work till Saturday morning, making eleven days in the fortnight. We spent some hours among the furnaces and mills, the roar of machinery, and swarms of toilers.

Wolverhampton has manufactures of brass as well as of iron: it is also the head-quarters of the tin-plate and japanned-ware trades. We here see those operations by which articles for domestic use in every variety of beautiful form, which till lately could be had only in the more costly metals, can now be obtained in sheet iron, so that the dwelling-house may be cheaply furnished with ware both elegant and indestructible. Here cups, jugs, basins, teapots, dishes, dish-covers, tureens, and even baths, which as well as smaller articles were formerly made piece by piece, and joined, by hand, are now stamped from one sheet, and tinned, wheeled, planished, and polished by improved methods, so that they fairly rival the

more costly goods. The now well-known enamelled hollow ware is also largely manufactured here. The jappanned-ware trade, since its introduction into Staffordshire from Pontypool (where it first settled in this country from the East), has grown largely through its connection with the tin-plate trade. In the Wolverhampton district about two thousand people are employed in, and about ten thousand dependent on, these two trades, more than half the workers in which are females. The wages average 40s. a week for skilled workmen, 10s. for women, and 5s. for girls. There are fourteen establishments for the manufacture of tin-plate and japan ware in Wolverhampton. The "Old Hall"—which we visited, and to which we shall by-and-by refer—was the cradle of the tin-plate and japan trade, and there is scarcely a single house in that trade, now so great, but can in some way or other trace a connection with it: there stamped iron and tin goods were first made; there the first Nasmyth's steam hammer was first used; and there the manufacture of wrought-iron enamelled goods was first started. We also visited the manufactory of Messrs. Perry, Son, and Co.—the house which displayed such remarkable energy in the great strike of 1851, as recorded in the history of that period.\* They now employ between three and four hundred persons. We learn that in this manufacture the year is divided into two seasons—January to June, and July to December. New patterns are prepared in advance for each of these seasons. For the summer, baths and ladies' travelling boxes are got ready in great numbers; for the winter, coal vases and tea-trays are the principal articles. The demand for coal vases increases annually. All the finer coal vases now have the pictures painted on glass. Elegant vases for shrubs, etc., in imitation of the antique, are also made. The foreign trade in these jappanned articles is considerable. Orders come from all parts of the globe. Among the principal houses in the trade in Wolverhampton—perhaps in the world—are Messrs. Loveridge, Messrs. Perry, and Messrs. Walton. The business is a growing one.

One large Wolverhampton establishment is devoted to the manufacture of Tin Toys—i.e., the thousand and one little things with which children play, from the farthing trumpet and the halfpenny horse, to the five or six shilling miniature steam-engine. The manufacture, trifling as it may seem, gives constant employment to about one hundred persons.

The manufacture of cast-iron nails and shoe-pins is peculiar to this district. The smallest nail is a quarter of an inch long, and a good workman will mould more than 75,000 a day; the largest measures  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in., and a man may make 52,000 daily. Shoemaking on a large scale has lately been introduced here. The manufacture of varnishes, photographic and other chemicals, drugs, etc., is also carried on in Wolverhampton; among the latter are arsenic acid, employed in calico-printing, dyeing, the production of aniline red, etc.; benzoic acid, used in medicine and artificial essences; bi-sulphate of lime, for preventing fermentation in malt liquors without affecting their taste or smell; and potash-acetate, which is produced in the form of large snow-white crystalline masses, and extensively used for medicinal and other purposes. And, strange to say, in the immediate neighbourhood of Wolverhampton, which of all other places

seems in our day the least favourable to it, agriculture is much thought of; the Agricultural Hall (of which we have spoken) has been erected for the special use of the farmers and corndealers, who attend the weekly markets in great numbers, and the manufacture of artificial manure is carried on on the very largest scale. The weekly cattle market also is one of the most important in the kingdom. The Royal Agricultural Show, held at Wolverhampton in 1871, was very successful; and, besides a magnificent collection of animals, was specially remarkable for the great variety and quantity of labour-saving machinery exhibited. The town was formerly famous for its wool trade (from which, indeed, "Wool"-verhampton might not without reason be supposed to have received its name), and foreigners from all parts of Europe resorted to its annual wool fair.

Many old trades of the town are extinct, such, for instance, as the "Steel Toy Trade," for which a century ago it was renowned, and of which shoe-buckles, fetching from ten to fifteen guineas a pair, watch-chains, worth twenty guineas each, and sword-hilts for court dresses, were the crowning glories. "When a boy," says Mr. Frederick Walton, "I heard an old man eighty years of age say that he once had 300 guineas for a sword-hilt, which took him eighteen months to produce; it was for one of the royal family—if my memory serves me right, for the Duke of York." The manufacture of enamelled copper boxes, to contain bon-bons, or the hideous "black patches" once worn, is also extinct; together with that of carpenters' rules, which was formerly confined almost exclusively to Wolverhampton, but has now almost deserted it for London and Birmingham. Additional trades have lately, however, been introduced, including two large shoemaking factories, each employing several hundred hands.

An Industrial and Fine Arts Exhibition held at Wolverhampton in 1869, attracted thousands of visitors, and did great credit to the town. Here, too, in 1867, assembled one of the most important and successful Church Congresses ever held; at which the chief problems and practical questions of the time were all earnestly and quietly discussed by the most distinguished men of the Anglican communion, in the presence of thoughtful audiences. The Church Congress was followed by a meeting of the Congregational Union, and this also was very successful.

### A Seaside Contrast.

NORTH AND SOUTH OF FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.

NORTH of yon jutting headland wild waves beat  
The frowning cliffs with multitudinous roar;  
Foiled by that mighty rampart evermore,  
They die in angry foam about its feet.  
Here, in this sheltered bay, with whisper sweet,  
The smiling ripples kiss the level shore;  
White sails flit by and white wings hover o'er  
The azure waves which skies of azure meet.  
Those stormy breakers and this peaceful bay  
Nought sunders save a narrow promontory.  
My soul! as quick a step, as short a way,  
Divides this life, with its dark, troubled story,  
From the calm haven of eternal day,  
Its bliss angelic and untroubled glory!

RICHARD WILTON, M.A.

\* See Ward's "Workmen and Wages."